

Too much too fast

by Shmittie

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Summary: Hinata Shouyou. He's bright, silly, adorable, obnoxious, short, and underestimated too much. He has few friends to begin his first-year with, yet soon will have more than he dreamed of. Will it all fall apart with a single accident? Will the fun short red-head ever be the same?

Too much too fast

A tinge of icy, stale air hummed through the dispensing rain and through Karasuno High, and barely managed to seep in through a sliver of a cracked window.

The slight breeze blew onto an orange-haired boy, who sat nervously shaking at a desk, his autumn eyes glued to the third question of a quiz.

"Two minutes." Called the stone-faced professor from his stance in the front.

Two minutes?! I'm only on the third one! What am I going to do?

The young boy twitched as he stared blankly at the paper. He desperately wanted to finish this quiz, and get a grade to show off. Never before had he ever gotten a double-digit score.

The feeble sound of tapping rain on the glass echoed through his head through the eerie silence. The boy lifted his head to steal a glance from the damp weather, finding it odd that it has rained like this for the past week and a half.

_No! _He swirled back to face the almost blank test. _I have to finish! I have to finish for-_

"Time!"

Hinata Shouyou jumped in his seat.

Time?! I only got two answers! What am I going to do, this is the fourth time I failed!

The professor strolled past every desk, snatching each paper up and observing it. The tall man was only two desks away when Hinata noticed his presence.

Oh no! Here he comes!

The red-head flinched as his paper was torn from his desk, crumpling in the hands of its captor. He sunk in his chair, wanting nothing more than to disappear.

"_Again_, Shouyou?"

Hinata peeked up at the angered eyes that seared at his skull. It took every ounce of energy to keep himself from lunging up and begging for another chance.

Hinata twisted up his lips, nodding his head quickly. The professor let out a long piercing sigh before he continued to the following student.

The class was excused for lunch break, and the small boy released a breath of relief as soon as his foot was out the doorway, yet not long after was he confronted by two large first-years, both with a sneer written on their faces.

"Shrimpy was called out again, huh?" The first, taller boy chortled.

"Don't call me shrimpy!" Hinata exclaimed. "And _don't _underestimate me!" He said, his thumb pointing at his chest.

"How many did you finish this time? Five?" The second, fatter kid taunted.

Hinata stared at the floor, his words coming out as stutters.

"N-no.."

"Four? Three?"

Hinata hesitantly shook his orange head.

"_Two?!_ Ahahahahaha!" Both boys laughed in sync.

Before another word could be said, either by the tiny boy or the two punks, a figure zoomed in, taking a stance in front of Hinata.

Hands on hips, Yu Nishinoya glowered at the two lower-class schoolboys, his hair bristling, making him seem taller than usual. His teeth were held back in a growl, his intimidating aura forcing the two kids to shrivel back.

"Hey!" His voice came out loud and insulting, and he spat each word in their faces. "You better stop messing with this guy, otherwise I

might start getting more _involved_!"

Nishinoya was known for his wrath side, completely losing control when 'involved' in bullies picking on poor orange-haired Hinata Shouyou. He's even broken school property during a fight.

The two once-confident boys were now melted onto the hard ground, Hinata snickering as he hid behind Nishinoya, his head peeking out from behind. They nodded frantically, shoving past each other to get as far as they could from the short boy that threatened them.

"Geez Hinata, more punks?" He said, turning to his friend smiling.

Hinata squealed, as he always did when rescued by his upper-class man.

"That was amazing! You are amazing!"

"If you really think so, call my Noya-senpai."

"Noya-senpai!" The young boy cooed, excitement in his tone.

Nishinoyas face broke out in a grin, his eyes gleaming.

"Again!"

"Noya-senpai!"

"One more time!"

"Noya-senpai!"

Nishinoya beamed, chuckling.

"You're too cute," He said, rustling Hinatas bright orange locks.

Hinata smiled with his now-even-more-messier hair, the two continuing to their lunch break.

End
file.